

Good Morning

266

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

RICHARD KEVERNE GIVES YOU THE TRUTH SO YOU'D LIKE TO RUN A PUB (would you?)



DICK GORDON Presents STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO



What canned music means

THE steady growth of the motion picture industry in all its various arts, techniques and cultural advancements stands as one of the most remarkable achievements of a modern age in which miracles have become commonplace.

In this respect, no single phase of picture making has shown more phenomenal progress than the use of music on the screen. It has developed in a comparatively brief span of years from a one-man job of getting out a simple "cue" sheet to guide the piano players and sketchy orchestras in cinemas to a great organisation. As a concrete example of the part music plays in motion pictures, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer music library has the second largest copyright collection in existence.

It is surpassed only by the Library of Congress, and keeps in constant correspondence with that famous institution to maintain the highest of musical standards.

The average motion picture is "scored" for an orchestra of sixty men, carefully selected from famous musicians. A symphony orchestra of eighty-five to one hundred pieces is not unusual for films demanding more elaborate scoring.

The increasing attraction of the screen for musicians of international stature is a clear indication of music's importance to pictures, and the elevation of Hollywood as a music centre.

Recently, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer obtained the renowned talents of Albert Coates, eminent English-Russian symphony and orchestra conductor, and an authority on the works of Tchaikovsky. Jose Iturbi, conductor-pianist and a world-wide favourite, is another lending his versatile artistry to forthcoming films.

Nathaniel Shilkret, formerly of the Victor Salon Orchestra, is now devoting himself to motion pictures, bringing with him a background of more than 31,000 recordings.

Still another addition to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer staff is Mario Castelnuovo Tedesco, symphonic composer.

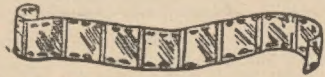
Hollywood has done much of its own pioneering in the musical field.

Popular bands are being given more consideration than ever before.

Under contract to M.G.-M. are Tommy Dorsey, Kay Kyser, Harry James and Jimmy Dorsey. Also under contract to the studio are Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Dick Jurgens, Gene Krupa, Vaughn Monroe and Bob Crosby.

Nat Finston, who heads the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer music department, has a well-rounded and complete staff, in which he takes a justifiable pride, since

it is unmatched. His department goes so far as to print its own music paper.



WITH the return of Solomon, the famous pianist, and Herbert Lodge, E.N.S.A. musical adviser, from the Middle East, comes further news of E.N.S.A.'s plans to meet the enormous demand for good music among the Fighting Forces overseas.

Mr. Lodge reports that an orchestra of seventy-five, named the Middle East Symphony Orchestra, is now in the process of formation at Cairo. The players will be expert musicians picked from the three Forces. The organisation of this orchestra is in the hands of Lieut.-Colonel Haygarth, Senior Officer, E.N.S.A. Overseas Entertainment, assisted by Gerald Gover.

When the orchestra has been fully trained and rehearsed, guest conductors from this country will be invited to go to Cairo to conduct symphony concerts there.

Another orchestra being

formed in the Middle East is the Malta Symphony Orchestra, with a personnel of fifty players—partly Maltese and partly Service men.

A third Forces Symphony Orchestra in Gibraltar is now in rehearsal, and it is hoped later to build a fourth symphony orchestra in Algiers. All will be financed by E.N.S.A.



SO much for the music makers but what about those who burn it up?

Take Fred Astaire, for instance. For a sophisticated guy, Fred Astaire clings fairly closely to the ancient, domestic homilies about "Practice makes perfect," "Busy as a bee," and "If at first you don't succeed..." Which may be one reason he's dancing on top of the world.

Born in Omaha, Nebraska, Fred and his equally famous sister Adele started out as a dance team at the tender age of four and six respectively, when the youngster escorted his two-year-old sister to dancing school.

They were vaudeville stars before they were ten, went on from there to Broadway and sensational performances in such musicals as Ed Wynn's "Over the Top," "Apple Blossoms," "Lady Be Good," "Funny Face," "Smiles," and "The Band Wagon."

Because they often went abroad with their hits, their fame as a dance team became international.

It was on one such trip abroad that the team split up, when Adele fell in love with and married a titled Irishman. Fred returned to Broadway alone, to star in a show called "The Gay Divorcee." That took him to Hollywood and a greater fame.

Where would he be without celluloid music?

MOST men—and lots of women for that matter—think they could run a pub or a country inn.

It sounds a pleasant sort of life. One with plenty of companionship, just, as it were, entertaining your friends every day and making a good living out of it, and if you choose the country, living in a jolly house with a nice garden.

Well, it is a pleasant life if you are fitted for it and know your job. But that job has to be learned like every other one. And there is a deal more to innkeeping than chatting with your customers over the bar or strolling round the dining-room to see that your guests are being properly served.

Innkeeping is a highly skilled profession, and to succeed at it you must know about drink and how to serve it; food and how to cook it; and, equally important, people and how to handle them.

You need limitless patience and tact; a good working knowledge of the thousand-and-one laws that concern your calling, and, I would add, a real love of entertaining, which means liking to see that your customers and guests are comfortable and enjoying themselves.

If they are, they will be your best advertisement, and will repay you for your attention, many times, by sending you more trade.

Now, I have visited as many pubs and stayed in as many country inns as most men. I have talked to the landlords and managers about their ambitions and worries, and I divide "pub-keepers" into three classes, and each seems to me to get its proper reward.

There is the "take-it-or-leave-it" man, who doesn't care a straw about what his customer wants, and generally knows the absolute minimum about food and drink. He's full of grumbles about his staff, his brewers, and his customers and bad trade. Ninety per cent. of the fault lies with himself. He generally fails, and deserves to.

There is the very knowledgeable man who has taken the trouble to learn his business properly, and he is the successful man of the trade. In inns he often charges high prices, but people don't mind paying for good stuff, and he makes a fat living and he deserves it.

Between these two extremes is the average innkeeper, who knocks out a fair living, has a lot of worries, sometimes rises to success, sometimes drops back to failure. Half these "general averages" do no better because they haven't either the energy or desire to learn more about their profession.

And here let me say that women make just as good innkeepers as men—sometimes



The famous "Eagle," King's Langley, Herts.

better. But the ideal is a man and wife, each prepared to work hard, and very hard when there's a rush on, and willing to take their leisure in slack times.

So, for the man who thinks of running a pub later on, let him ask himself in the first instance if he has the temperament for it. Does he really like making people comfortable in the bar or in the inn? Can he deal with fools without losing his temper? Is he a good judge of character?

Is he prepared to be firm with undesirable customers and understanding with those who make seemingly unreasonable requests? Is he prepared to learn, not only before he starts the job, but all the time he is carrying it on? For tastes change, and often what is popular one year is not wanted the next, both in food and drink and custom.

If he cannot answer the questions satisfactorily, then let him start to learn. And here are some of the things he should study.

Besides innkeepers' law, book-keeping, cellarage of beers, wines and spirits, catering, marketing, housekeeping, how to engage and manage a staff, how to buy to the best advantage everything from firewood to kitchen ranges and champagne, how to keep an equable temper and a smiling face when everything is going wrong, the kitchen boiler has burst, and the staff has walked out on him.

For an inn, he should know something of cooking—good, straightforward, plain English cooking—and the more the better. He should know the quality of the drink he sells and not only the labels. He should study other inns and learn from their mistakes or successes. In fact, he must strive to be a competent housewife, plus a competent business man, plus a bit more.

Foreigners take the trouble to do this, that is why they succeed so well as hotel-keepers. We could do it just as well if we tried. We used to in the old days. A hundred-odd years ago British innkeepers had the reputation of being the best in the world.

Now, all this is not to be learned in five minutes. Without knowledge or experience a man can take a little pub or inn and learn as he goes, but his learning will be apt to be hard, and his chances of success small. It is better to get a job as an assistant first—certainly if you are going to risk your own money in the venture.

Some of the big inn-owning companies will train likely applicants—particularly men and wife, if the wife can cook—and employ them as assistants in bigger houses or managers of small ones. Such experience is invaluable, and enables a man to be sure of a home and a regular income. If he is good he will get promotion to bigger establishments.

If he wants to invest in his own house, after a few years of such training, he will have a far better chance of success than he would have done had he started from scratch.

There is undoubtedly going to be a big change in our pubs and inns after the war. A higher standard all round will be demanded, and the chances of success for the intelligent man or woman who is not afraid of work will be greater. There should be a boom in trade, particularly in the country and country towns, when the motor-cars come back.

The "take-it-or-leave-it" type of house will feel a draught. People of all classes will want more comfort and more variety, and cleanliness. And the right sort of man can provide these things and make a decent living out of them.

But there is one—a very obvious—warning that every intending pub or innkeeper should always bear in mind. The job has its social side, and a very important one, too. Happy and satisfied customers are often anxious for the landlord to "have one." Many a good and prosperous pub has gone west that way.

I knew a highly successful restaurant-keeper in Soho some years ago. He made a small fortune out of his business and retired to his native land. I often, after a very good meal, asked him to join me in a glass of wine. His reply was almost always the same.

He thanked me very much, but, he said, he'd just poured himself out a glass of wine; might he drink my health in that? Then he would go to a shelf where an almost full glass was standing. He would bring it to my table and we would drink together.

I used to see him drinking with other customers in the same way. It was a long time before I discovered that he always kept that glass part-filled with—fruit juice.

Write to us,
brother!

ALL AROUND THE HOME TOWN

WALES AIR BASE.

WALES is all-out to stake its claim for one of the mammoth Transatlantic air bases. In post-war years giant air liners carrying 140 passengers are expected ultimately at quarter-of-an-hour intervals to land in this country.

Ald. O. C. Purnell, of Cardiff, who has just returned from the United States, where he has been studying post-war civil aviation plans, is

one of the leaders on a special committee, working with experts and the Welsh Parliamentary Party, getting ready Wales's case for a base.

Competition is pretty keen among districts on the west coast, where the big bases must be situated.

An early "touch-down" by these big air liners is essential, as they must carry the minimum of petrol so as to increase the "pay-load" of passengers and cargo.

Wales believes that it has all the necessary facilities to set up such a base, which will pro-

vide a huge employment. It is proposed that the Transatlantic passengers should deplane in Wales and go on by shuttle services to London, Birmingham and Liverpool.

THA'S NORUNDRESSED.

THE South Yorkshire collier will take a bit of whacking when it comes to being funny. True story recently told at the opening of the New Monkton colliery canteen concerned the old miner who went to the

pithead bath for the first time.

"How does'ta like it?" his mate in the next cubicle enquired. "It's noan bad," came the reply, "but I reckon nowt to't mucky watter."

Perturbed by this observation, the younger collier went to see why his friend was getting dirty water through the shower instead of clean.

He soon saw the cause of the trouble, and put it right by remarking, "I should think tha's getting mucky watter in thy shower. Tha wants to take thi pit cap off, man!"

WANGLING WORDS—221

1. Put a portion in COM-MENT and make part of a train.

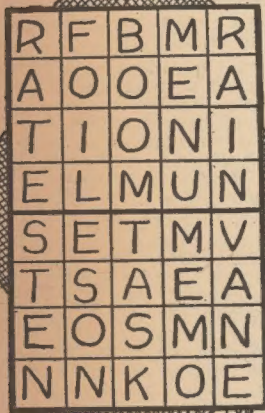
2. Rearrange the letters of SIDE GONE and make an ancient philosopher and hermit.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: TIME into LOST, RIVER into WATER, CAR into OIL, FAIR into GIRL.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CENTENARIAN?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 220

- LeweS.
- NEW YORK.
- LONG, LONE, LANE, WANE, WAVE, DUCK, DOCK, LOCK, LOOK, LOOT, SOOT, SPOT, SPIT, SLIT, SLIM, SWIM, HORSE, HOUSE, MOUSE, MOOSE, GOOSE.
- LADY, LAZY, LAZE, DAZE, DARE, BARE, BARD, BIRD.
- Shop, Ship, Chap, Chop, Chit, Dish, This, That, Shot, Date, Dace, Tact, Cast, Coat, Oast, Post, Stop, Pots, Poet, Tope, Dice, Dais, Said, Paid, Peat, Tape, Pate, etc.
- Cased, Taste, Paste, Posts, Stops, Poach, Cheap, Peach, Haste, Dates, Stead, Sated, Staid, Shops, Ships, Shade, Toast, State, Poets, Coast, Stoic, Stoat, etc.



Solution to Puzzle in No. 265

Answers to Quiz in No. 265

- Bird.
- (a) Robert Hichens, (b) Jack London.
- Hamburg is not a capital; the others are.
- Pat Sullivan.
- 1861.
- (a) and (b) Canada.
- Excusable, Admittance.
- 1921.
- Edward I.
- Palace of the Soviets, Moscow, 1,300 feet.
- Freetown.
- (a) Vineyard, (b) Feast.

JANE



Continuing Murders in the Rue Morgue Dupin, the Thought Reader

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

RESIDING in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent—indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes.

By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and upon the income arising from this he managed by means of a rigorous economy to procure the necessities of life without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume brought us into closer communion. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candour which a

Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is his theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervour and the vivid freshness of his imagination.

Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city; and as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of renting and furnishing, in a style which suited the rather fantastic bloom of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire, and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen—although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature. Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors. Indeed, the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamoured of the Night for her own sake; and into this bizarrerie, as into all his others, I quietly fell; giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect abandon.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Ah! That reminds me. Beef dumplings for dinner Bert!"

The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence.

At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massive shutters of our old building; lighting a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams—reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness.

Then we sallied forth into the streets, arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise—if not exactly in its display—and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived.

He boasted to me, with a low, chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own.

His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulantly but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul, and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin—the creative and the resolute.

Let it not be supposed from what I have just said that I am detailing any mystery, or penning any romance. What I have described in the Frenchman was merely the result of an excited or perhaps of a diseased intelligence. But of the character of his remarks at the periods in question an example will best convey the idea.

We were strolling one night down a long, dirty street, in the vicinity of the Palais Royal. Being both apparently occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least. All

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 265: Loaf of Bread.

With Our Roving Cameraman



FISHING AT GALILEE.

This gives you a realistic view of the Sea of Galilee, with its stony beach, of an early morning when fishers came in with their small catch. They don't spend long ashore, but go out again immediately they have disposed of the fish, and bring in more—if they are lucky. It was here, at Beith-Saida, that the Apostles fished, and Peter was said to have left his thumb-mark on the haddock.

at once Dupin broke forth with these words:—

"He is a very little fellow, that's true, and would do better for the Théâtre des Variétés."

"There can be no doubt of that," I replied unwittingly, and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations. In an instant afterwards I recollected myself, and my astonishment was profound.

"Dupin," said I gravely, "this is beyond my comprehension. I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed, and can scarcely credit my senses. How was it possible you should know I was thinking of—?" Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought.

"—of Chantilly," said he; "why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy."

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections. Chantilly was a quondam cobbler of the Rue St. Denis, who, becoming stage-mad, had attempted the rôle of Xerxes, in Crébillon's tragedy so-called, and been notoriously pasquinaded for his pains.

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake,"

I exclaimed, "the method—if method there is—by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter?"

"It was the fruiterer," replied my friend, "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes."

"The fruiterer! You astonish me—I know no fruiterer whomsoever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

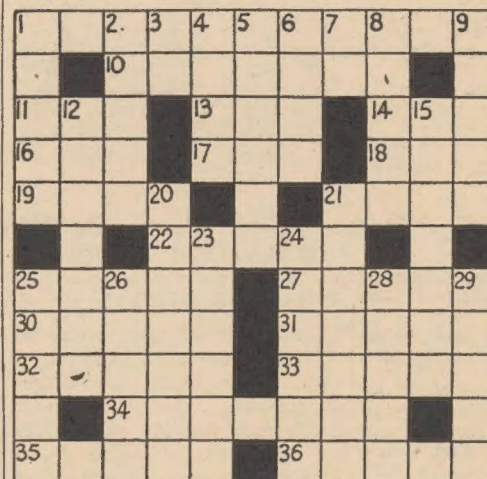
I now remembered that, in fact, a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down by accident as we passed from the Rue C— into the thoroughfare where we stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of charlatanerie about Dupin.

"I will explain," he said, "and that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the rencontre with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichols, Epicurus, Stereotomy, the street stones, the fruiterer."

(To be continued)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

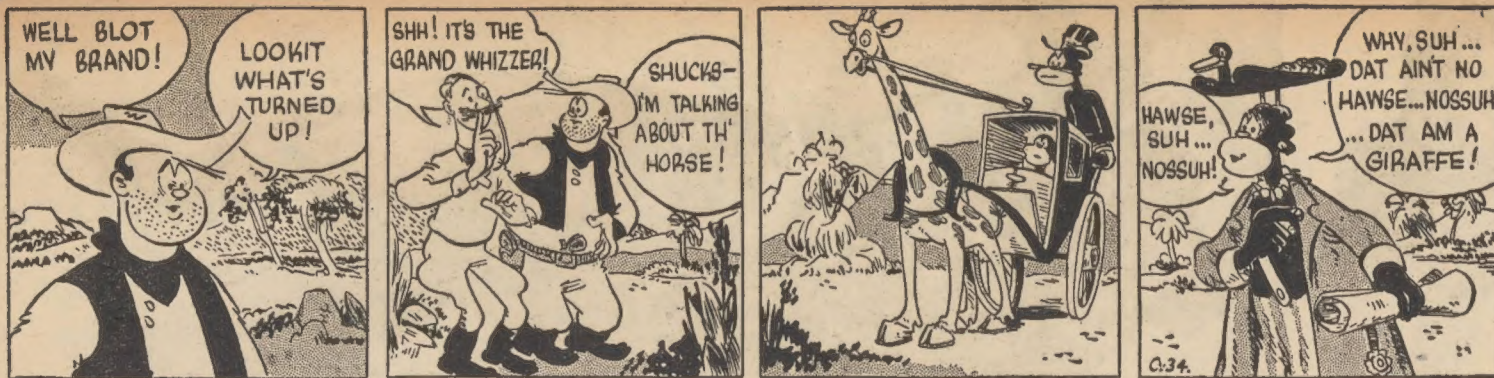
- Rainbow effect.
- One of the U.S.A.
- Dandy.
- Tire.
- Mineral.
- Devonshire river.
- Embossing stamp.
- Adults.
- Anger.
- Cart awning.
- Fragrant oil.
- Right angle joint.
- Trunks.
- Form of oxygen.
- Bland.
- Lapwing.
- Over.
- Heighten.
- Wrinkle.
- Verbal form.

CLUES DOWN.

- Conclude.
- Drive.
- Suffice.
- Girl's name.
- Precisely defined.
- Portion of soap.
- Printing measure.
- Girl's name.
- Occurrence.
- Rust.
- Alleviate.
- Getting paid for work.
- Utterly defeat.
- Out molar.
- Away.
- Was dispirited.
- Drawn-along.
- Burdened.
- Waterside plants.

SNATCH BRED
CON LIQUEUR
ADDED SAFE
L REFER POD
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T SIGHT T
PET ELECTRO
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ACCEDE ELSE
TYKE SIDLED

ELZEBUB JONES



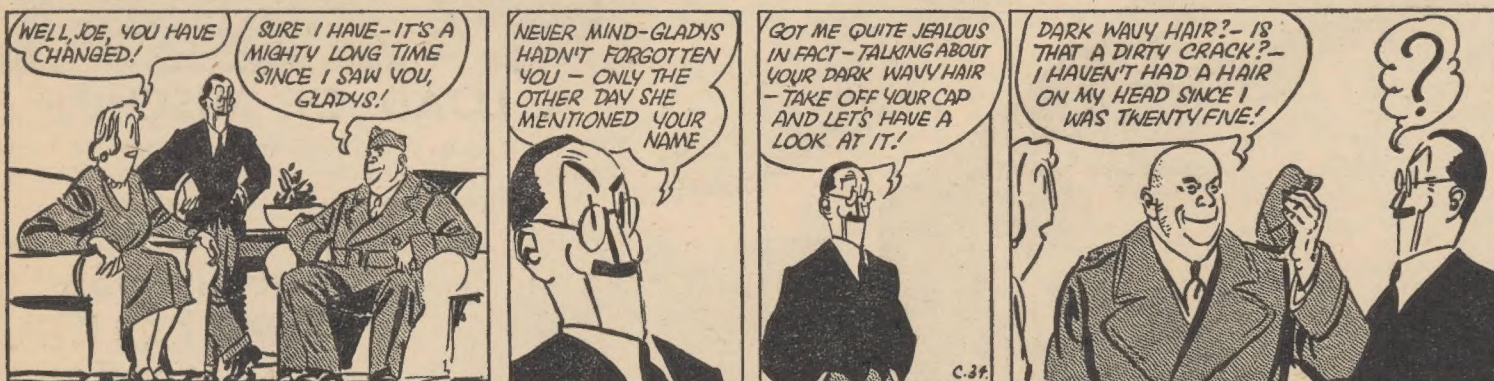
BELINDA



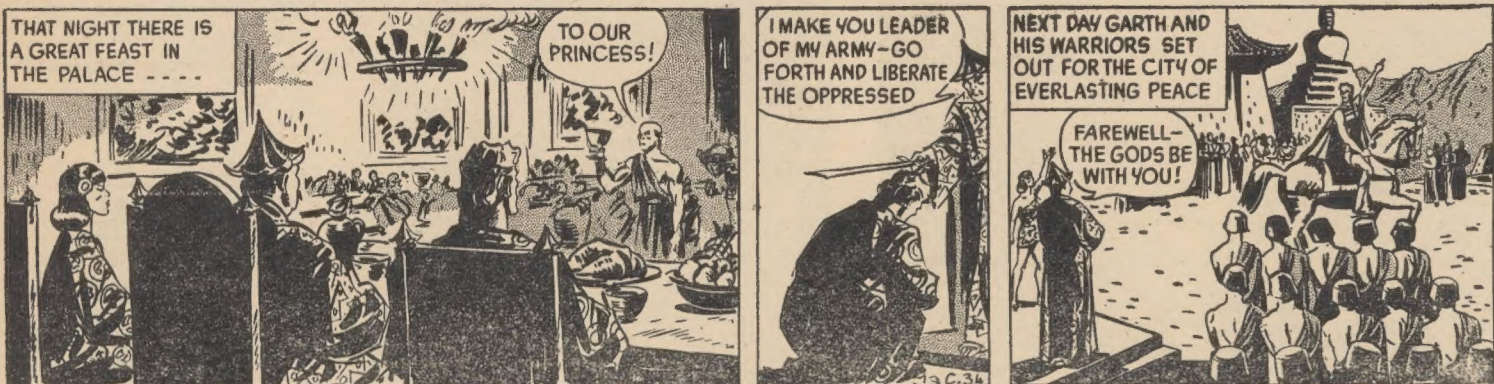
POPEYE



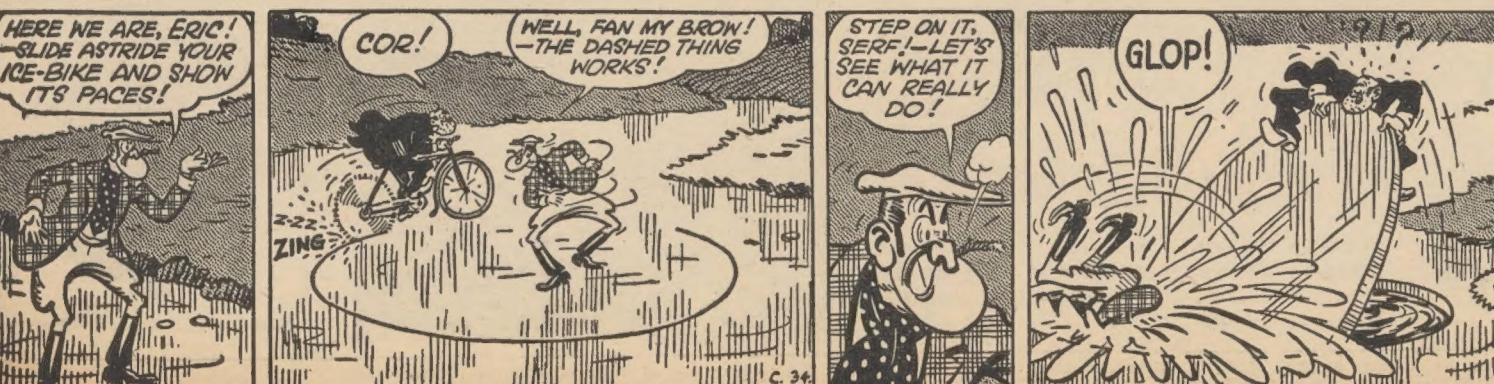
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 22

By JOHN ALLEN

WEST HAM

"UP the Iron!" No matter where West Ham United may be playing, and their supporters have gathered, this battle-cry will be heard. But why "The Iron"? you ask.

Many years ago—in 1895, to be exact—football enthusiasts employed in the making of battleships at the Thames Ironworks decided to form a club. They took a pitch that was mostly cinders, and the players did their training every night in a nearby schoolroom. They made good progress, moved twice, then took the name of West Ham United. A ground was secured at Boleyn Castle, so named because Anne Boleyn once lived in a mansion there.

But to many of their supporters, who had followed them from their earliest days, they were still "The Iron."

Forty years ago, soon after West Ham had become the club's title, full-back Charles Paynter joined the club. He was a useful player and gave good service. An injury brought his career to an end, so he became assistant trainer. Later he became trainer, and when Mr. Sidney King passed on, was promoted to the position of manager-trainer.

His present team, that has been faring so well in the South, has been built by his skill and understanding. No young player reared in the district need fear being overlooked if he possesses talent. Charlie Paynter's "scouts" do the rest.

The West Ham manager has found scores of stars, and many a now-famous international owes more than he realises to the wise coaching and kindness of the little man with a big heart.

Sydney Puddefoot, one of the finest of a long line of wonderful centre-forwards who have led the "Hammers" attack, has always given Charlie Paynter credit for a great deal of his success.

Puddefoot was discovered playing in local junior football. It was Paynter who used to give the lad long talks, and so keen was Syd to make good that he used to go round to the trainer's house carrying his supper—often fish and chips—so that he should hear the trainer's advice and at the same time not miss his supper!

Later, Sydney Puddefoot played for England, and was transferred to Falkirk for a £5,000 fee.

He was succeeded in West Ham by Victor Watson, who also gained an international cap. Watson, one of the best leaders, played over 400 games for West Ham, and scored more than 300 goals.

He had a wonderful understanding with Jimmy Ruffell, the outside-left, who could place the ball in such a manner that Watson, when he nodded it goalwards, got the same force behind it as a normal man would with a kick.

To-day most of West Ham's players are serving with the Forces; a large number were in the Territorial Army before the war.

Their greatest personality is Len Goulden, wizard inside-left, and, with Billy Hall, of the Spurs, considered the greatest inside-forward in the game.

Len can almost make a football talk—and is another of Charlie Paynter's local discoveries. He cost nothing in the way of transfer fee. The "Hammers" wouldn't sell him for £15,000 if that amount of money were free to buy footballers.

Now West Ham are building for the future. They aim to become again an all-star team.

"And what were you in Civvy Street?"



Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

BROWNE OFF, BUT SMILING

Brenda Joyce sun-bathes in California. Though she's "on the carpet" she seems to like it.



TAKING HIM FOR A RIDE

Knowing the koala doesn't like getting wet, Fatty, the dog, keeps to the shallow water.



A LOAD OF MISCHIEF

There's a heap of trouble brewing behind those innocent eyes, but its that lovable kind of impishness you just can't resist.



This England

Early morning mists still hang around as the cattle wend their way to the pasture land. A scene at Benson in Oxfordshire.



IF THOSE LIPS COULD ONLY SPEAK

We fancy our cat would shrivel up.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I refuse to read his thoughts."

